

POETICAL ESSAYS.

BY THE

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DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.

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ORIGINAL ESSAYS

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P R E F A C E.

THE world may expect an apology for thus troubling it with my trifles. All that I have to say, is, that I have been much obliged to fancy, so far on the journey of life, for cheering me, in the lonely hour, with pleasures seldom met with in more frequented companies. For five years, in the * earlier part of my days, I dedicated six months in each year to close application and study; after intense thought, if ever I was capable of any such thing, I used to relax in company with this friend of human weakness, and found amazing pleasure in poetry. The following little Essays were then produced. My intention, in publishing them is at least to encourage some of the best feelings of our nature;

nature ; to repair the ruined fabrick require another Architect. It was an observation I early made, that most of the pastoral strains I have read were too polished for pastoral life ; and yet, that vulgarity is too unpleasing to be admitted. I sat down at first with an intention of writing something consistent with these ideas and now leave it to the world to determine how far I have succeeded. The sentiments of an elegant and pathetic writer * are for exactly agreeable to my own upon this subject, that they have afforded me encouragement.-- The world will say, " it is a pity he ever saw them."

* Mr. Blair on Pastorals.

COLIN and LUCY,

A PASTORAL.

Evening First.

THE mead was cut, the sun had dried the hay,
The hinds grew jocund at the close of day,

Each one his lassie took ; yet than the rest
Two graver seem'd, their love was not in jest ;
He led her round behind a neighbo'ring tree,
There vow'd his passion on his bended knee.

COLIN.

When first I saw you trip the verdant plain,
By far the loveliest of our rural train,
I felt, ah me ! I felt my youthful breast
Robb'd in a moment of its wonted rest :
I knew not what to do or where to rove,
So tortur'd was my wretched heart with love.

Long

Long have I wish'd to own my latent pain,
 Long fought to speak, but always fought in vain,
 Till now at length the wish'd for moment's come,
 The moment big with my impending doom;
 If you but smile, no future cares I'll fear;
 If you'll but love, I'm happy thro' each year;
 But if you frown, the joys of life are o'er,
 Content to die, I'll dream of blifs no more.

L U C Y.

Believe me Colin, it is all in vain
 Deceitful thus you plead to me your pain,
 I know your sex too well, and all its ways;
 Think not I listen what each trifle says;
 'Twas thus you sigh'd for Nancy of the Vale,
 Your heart as fickle as th' inconstant gale.
 You tell us roses on our cheeks do blow,
 You say our bosoms whiter are than snow.
 'Tis flattery all, your tongue I won't believe,
 For fear my heart shou'd love and then shou'd grieve.

COLIN.

(7)

C O L I N.

Forgive me Lucy if by heaven I vow
Your heart is colder than the coldest snow.
True as my soul informs this vital clay,
True as yond' sun was made to rule the day,
So true---within this beating heart I find,
That only you I love of woman kind ;
Believe ! it is my wish to take for life
You, and you only, to my wedded wife.

L U C Y.

I tell you swain I will no longer stay
To hear the nonsense that you've got to say.
You're all alike unknown to love and truth,
I dare not trust you with my virgin youth ;
So let me go, before I've cause to rue,
You're all alike I say, ah me ! adieu.

C O L I N. *alone.*

And is she gone, the dear, the lovely maid ?
True as I live my heart it is betray'd.
I love, but oh ! I'm wretched and despair,
Why was I form'd so weak, why she so fair ?

COLIN

COLIN and LUCY, a PASTORAL.

Evening Second.

S C E N E.

A PASTURE low along a winding stream,
 There Colin stole to indulge his lovesick dream
 Adown the bank he sees his fair one stray,
 Return'd from milking at the close of day.
 The sun his golden curtains in the West
 Was drawing close, about to sink to rest.
 No voice was heard the meads and woods among,
 But here and there a milk-maid's rural song ;
 Or chance some partridge, calling o'er her brood,
 Might rouse the shepherd from his thoughtless mood ;
 The village murmur at a distance too
 Sometimes was heard ; and then it fainter grew,
 Born by the gentle breezes down the dale,
 It ebb'd, and flow'd, as ebb'd, and flow'd the gale.

COLIN. *alone.*

Within my breast tumultuous passions roll,
 And almost overwhelm my tender soul,

Alternat

Alternate hope and fear rise in my breast,
 Alternate I am happy, and distress'd.
 She cruel thinks I never can be true;
 And yet so sweetly did she bid adieu,
 That still I hope her soften'd heart to find
 Obdurate less, and more to love inclin'd.
 But here my charmer comes with nimble feet,
 With eager smiles I'll haste her steps to meet.

To L U C Y.

Forgive me Lucy tho' I thus intrude,
 Nor think thy shepherd meaneth to be rude,
 I still must wish thy footsteps to attend,
 And be at least my Lucy's favorite friend :
 Or wou'dst thou pity but my constant flame,
 And let me call thee by a dearer name ;
 Soon wou'd thy lover and thy husband prove,
 That all his wish is to obtain thy love.

L U C Y.

Ah ! Colin, wou'dst thou cruel then deceive,
 And dost thou really wish to see me grieve ?

Say, cou'dst thou harm a fond believing maid,
 Perhaps imprudent, but by love betray'd?
 Too cruel swain, thy wanton wiles forbear,
 Nor thus distress my soul with anxious fear.
 What tho' I shou'd confess the force of love,
 And own I feel what still I disapprove;
 Tho' I shou'd play no more the virgin's part,
 But own that Colin had subdued my heart;
 Yet well I know you soon would fickle be,
 Wou'd soon forget the vows you'd made to me,
 Some other virgin you wou'd soon adore,
 And wish at best that Lucy was no more.
 Your sex I know, unsteady as the wind,
 In each new face do new attractions find.
 You more than all for fickleness are fam'd,
 And of the swains the most inconstant nam'd,
 Think not then Colin that your vows I'll hear,
 Till you have prov'd you are indeed sincere;
 " Till by your conduct you shall fairly own,
 " That of my sex you love but me alone."

COLIN.

C O L I N.

It is not mine, my Lucy, oh ! believe,
 It is not mine the virtuous to deceive ;
 Nor wou'd I ever for the world betray
 One worthy mind, or lead it from its way.
 The charge you bring against me is untrue,
 I never lov'd till first I look'd on you ;
 I never wish'd to make but you my bride ;
 Condemn not then at least, before I'm tried.

L U C Y.

It is enough, and oh ! may heaven approve,
 And smile propitious on our mutual love.
 Colin, you have my heart, I wou'd say more ;
 But yonder see my mother's at the door.
 To-morrow eve down in the wood I'll walk,
 Yet here I dare no longer stay to talk :
 Be still as now, and you will surely find
 Your Lucy ne'er was form'd to change her mind.

COLIN and LUCY, a PASTORAL.

Evening Third.

S C E N E.

A Narrow vale, on one side hangs a wood,
 Bending to kiss the silver passing flood;
 A walk bestrew'd with many a dewy flower,
 There Colin waited for th' appointed hour;
 Above the wood, arose a rocky hill,
 That murmur'd echoes to the passing rill,
 Where many a wood dove sat conceal'd from view,
 Come here at eventide to bill and coo.
 'Twas well to night the sun gone down the skies,
 The moon just up, or just about to rise,
 When Colin sigh'd, why comes not Lucy down,
 Deck'd in her lovely smiles and russet gown?
 She'll not forget to meet her shepherd here?
 His Lucy came to check the rising fear.

LUCY.

L U C Y.

With art I've escap'd my mother's watchful eye,
 And to thy arms my Colin now I fly ;
 Yet e'er I trust thee, faithful shepherd swear
 Thou ne'er wilt cause these eyes to shed a tear ;
 Thou ne'er wilt lead my untaught youth astray ;
 Nor make me to repent my love this day.

COLIN. *Takes her by the hand.*

And does my Lucy still suspect her swain
 Will ever cause her heart to heave with pain ?
 Wou'd ever dare to rob her of her rest ?
 Ah ! drive such silly fears far from thy breast.
 Think not thy shepherd can inconstant be,
 Or ever love a maiden else but thee.
 I swear by Cynthia yonder rob'd in white,
 And all yon stars attendant on the night,
 To thee I will for ever constant prove,
 Nor in one thought e'er ramble from my love.

Y.

LUCY.

LUCY. *Falling into his arms.*

Then to thy oath, since love is all I feel,
My lips the wax may be, and thine the seal ;
And who loves best, tell out revolving years,
To thee I give my heart, oh ! sooth its fears.

COLIN. *Clasping her to his bosom.*

The seal to all my vows I look on this,
Thy cherry lips imprinted with a kiss,
Ten thousand more I'll give to love and you,
Ten thousand more to witness I am true.

LUCY. *Breaking from him.*

Yet ah ! take pity on my virgin fame ;
And as you love me, so respect my name ;
Then let us part, forgive a maiden's fears,
We'll meet again to part no more for years :
When at the altar you your vows shall plight,
Then may we live unblam'd in soft delight ;
No censures then can on our conduct be,
I'll live for you alone and you for me ;

So blest we'll pass through life and love so true,
 That kings and queens may with the same to do :
 And should it please the Power supreme above,
 To grant an offspring fair to crown our love ;
 Even while our young ones nestle round our knees,
 And with endearments fond still learn to please,
 Surely each year we'll bless the happy day,
 When we to Hymen's temple took our way.

C O L I N.

We will, my love, and when old age comes on,
 We'll then tell o'er our pleasures past and gone,
 Look o'er the path of life together trod,
 The path of virtue which shall lead to God ;
 Reflect on every scene throughout each year,
 O'er some, we'll drop a melancholy tear :
 O'er others chuckle with our wonted bliss,
 And end our stories with a mutual kiss.

They kiss and bid good night.

COLIN.

PART the SECOND.

COLIN and LUCY, a PASTORAL.

Morning First.

SWEET peep'd the sun above the rising ground,
 His sprightly beams as sweetly sending round ;
 The cock's shrill clarion hail'd the rising day,
 And waking birds began their morning lay,
 The milk-maid ruddy breath'd the wholesome gale,
 Stole one soft look, and William took her pail ;
 The sparrows courted on the flates above,
 And every heart seem'd run'd to joy and love,
 When faithful Colin sought th' appointed shade,
 In hopes, to meet once more his tender maid.
 His anxious look betray'd a heart in grief,
 A heart too far distrest to find relief ;
 While broken murmurs floated on the wind,
 And thus exprest the feelings of his mind.

COLIN

C O L I N. *alone.*

Curst wealth! the fatal cause of every woe,
 'Tis from thy influence all my sorrows flow ;
 What tho' my parents boast no large domains,
 Nor own the flocks which whiten all the plains ;
 Yet is my soul to virtuous love a slave,
 In chains so sweet, I'll wear them to my grave ;
 My Lucy gives me nought but sighs and tears,
 Her cruel father tortures her with fears ;
 But I will seek her in her wonted bower,
 And kiss the dews from off my favorite flower.

To LUCY. As he entered the bower.

So soon my love, but yet so sadly pale,
 Thy looks already tell the dismal tale ;
 Yet in these arms a sure asylum find,
 And let me soothe the troubles of thy mind ;
 Long as kind heaven thy shepherd's life shall spare
 Thou shalt not want a father's fostering care ;
 With thee I'll spend the chearful morn of youth,
 And age will smile upon our love and truth ;

With thee I'll tend our flock at rising morn,
 Live on thy smiles beneath some aged thorn ;
 Laugh at our babes which in the rushes play,
 And spend in sweet affection every day :
 We will too seek domestic joys each night,
 Our rural home will furnish fresh delight ;
 I'll tend our little loves, while you prepare
 A sweet repast of nature's wholesome fare ;
 Blest with thy smiles I'll think that fare more sweet,
 In thy dear smiles, where every joy I meet ;
 So shall our time in round of duties past,
 Be pleasant now, and bring us peace at last.

L U C Y.

Ah! Colin why so constant and so true ?
 Teach me my hardest task to fly from you,
 My father frowns, his heart I know will break ;
 My mother sobs and cannot bear to speak.
 I must to them my filial duty prove,
 And bid a long farewell to you and love.

Take

Take this one token of my sad distress,
 And may the powers above my Colin bless.

She gives him a ring, and rushes from him in tears.

C O L I N. *Alone.*

Too long on thy dear image I have dwelt,
 And all the fondness of affection felt ;
 But now my life is gone, dear tender fair,
 I feel not like me the tortures of despair.
 Hangs through my soul as swift as lightning go,
 And leave their worst companion silent woe.
 I turn to weep---while on my knees I pray,
 That gods may guard her through life's little day.
 Soon in the grave the tortures of my mind,
 May some cold comfort in oblivion find ;
 Lucy will come once each revolving year,
 Will strew sweet flowers, and shed the kindly tear.

COLIN and LUCY, a PASTORAL.

Evening Fourth.

THE ev'ning fun, about to leave the sky,
 Had ting'd the western clouds with ruddier dye.
 The breezes mild in circling eddies play,
 And chear the weary wanderer on his way :
 The lovely warbler of the rural grove,
 Just sung one single note on slighted love ;
 Nature stood list'ning to the plaintive tale,
 And silent stillness hung upon the gale.
 Lucy was set, upon her arm reclin'd,
 While sad forebodings crept about her mind.
 Her window look'd along the neighbouring vale ;
 A solemn bell begun its mournful tale ;
 Two shepherd lads there chanc'd to wander by,
 " 'Tis Colin's bell", they cry'd, and heav'd a sigh ;
 Great were the struggles of the lovesick maid,
 But passion conquer'd and her reason fled.

Evening Fifth.

LUCY, habited like STERNE'S MARIA, distracted.

A white violet in her hand,

S I N G I N G,

SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,

The truest love upon the green ;

He's gone to dance with gods above,

And be a husband to their queen.

But he gave me this flower,

He found it in the vale ;

With it I'll deck my bower,

And many a primrose pale.

They've carried my love unto his grave,

And wan, and cold is he ;

No other true love will I have,

But cherish only thee.

*Looking pensively on the flower, she drops a tear upon it
and places it in her bosom.*

Evening

Evening Sixth.

The BURIAL of LUCY.

Twelve young Maids in white, six on each side of the grave.

FIRST SIX.

WE leave thee in thy native soil,
We shed the friendly tear ;
We wish thee rest from every toil,
And freed from every fear.

SECOND SIX.

We raise our hopes to scenes above,
And seek protection there ;
To guard us from such fatal love,
And sigh to leave thee here.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Look down ye guardians of the fair,

Let constant passion be approv'd ;

That we, the objects of your care,

May never love as these have lov'd.

Ah ! come, ye cruel parents come,

And learn to check true love no more ;

But drop a tear o'er Lucy's tomb,

For death a sweeter flower —

First Six. Never — never

Second Six. Never — never

Chorus. Withering in his bosom wore.

P A S T O R A L S

F I R S T.

S U S P E N S E.

FOR once more my fond heart shall now dare to rejoice
 Since my Lucy again I shall see ;

Since my ears soon with rapture shall listen that voice,
 Which was always so pleasing to me.

And she sure will not suffer to languish in pain

A poor heart that's so constant and true ;

But with tender compassion will look on her swain,

And her former endearments renew.

Amidst all the young shepherds that play'd on the green

Not a youth was so happy as I ;

But of late, lost in love, I have negligent been,

And almost even wanted to die.

For it seem'd like a folly to think one so fair,

One so handsome, so young, so divine,

Would e'er mix in my griefs, or my happiness share,

Or to hear my fond tales would incline.

Neither could I my vanity flatter so far,

S As to hope a return to my sighs ;

Yet I cannot their rising attempt to debar,

Nor the languor drive out of my eyes.

When I heard the poor turtle dove making complaint,

I could think it was telling my tale ;

Still its feelings so softly it wonted to paint,

Whensoever I rambled the dale ;

And I found that it sigh'd for the loss of its mate,

As I do—my dear Lucy for you ;

For when absent all pleasures we equally hate,

And indeed we are equally true.

S E C O N D.

D I S A P P O I N T M E N T.

A H ! why did I suffer fond hopes to arise ?

Why flatter my soul with deceit ?

Ye heav'ns ! what beauties I saw in her eyes ;

I am lost since I cannot retreat.

D

Oh !

Oh ! let me in solitude wander alone,

Nor think me accountable why ;

A pilgrim I'll travel my sins to atone,

Then lay my poor head down and die.

And surely some poet will write in my praise,

And soothe my pale wandering ghost ;

Will sing me to rest by the help of his lays,

And say a choice friend we have lost.

Ye shepherds beware how at virgins ye look,

For fear you should meet such a fate ;

Content honest lads with your sheep and your crook,

Think not of repenting too late.

The days I have known, when, as careless as you,

I wanton'd, nor felt any pain ;

But now they are gone, and my happiness too

Has follow'd to make up their train.

T H I R D.

H O P E.

LET the shepherds no longer complain,
 Nor tell us that maidens deceive ;
 Should you whisper her falshood again,
 Your whispers I will not believe ;
 For I am sure she is constant and true,
 My once tortur'd heart is at rest ;
 And if others are fickle to you,
 Your fickleness first has distressed.
 Tho' her prudence long made me despair,
 And fancy my Love was unkind ;
 Yet her smiles now, have soothed my care,
 And eased the doubts of my mind ;
 But how often 'midst tortures and fear,
 The woods and wild brambles among ;
 While my cheek was bedew'd with a tear,
 I've listen'd the nightingale's song.

It was eve when she sadly complain'd,

Meek silence alone in the grove ;

And I fancy'd her bosom was pain'd

Like mine, with the passion of love ;

For she warbled her soft flowing notes,

In cadence so sweet and so clear,

That she nourish'd the cause of my pains,

Nor wip'd off the wandering tear ;

But at length these dull scenes are all o'er,

My solitude Lucy beguiles ;

I will think on my tortures no more,

Enraptur'd so much by her smiles ;

For together we'll traverse life's stage,

We'll laugh and be merry through youth ;

And whenever declin'd into age,

We'll think on past pleasures and truth ;

And an offspring should heaven bestow,

We'll rear the dear pledges with care ;

We will call them our blessings below,

Our pleasures they fondly shall share.

When the taper of life seems to fail,

And youth wanders fast from our view ;

When your roses, my Lucy, turn pale

For want of its fostering dew ;

Then a wish unto heaven I'll raise,

A wish which must call forth a sigh ;

When we've liv'd to the end of our days,

That then we together may die.

Hand in hand thro' death's shadow to go,

As wander'd was life's little stage ;

And we'll pray that it still may be so,

Through all the long ages of age.

F O U R T H.

D E S P A I R.

A H come, my companions so dear,
 Attend to your Corydon's woe,
 Sure friendship will drop the sad tear,
 A balm the most pleasing below.
 You knew that his bosom was fram'd,
 For passion of tenderest love ;
 You knew that he ne'er was ashamed,
 To acknowledge his flame and approve.
 The fairest of fair was the maid,
 Her cheek was the snow-drop and rose ;
 So modest, you'd think her afraid,
 The being of love to suppose.
 Her fondness was constant to me,
 I've kiss'd the pink roses that grow,
 'Midst lilies as sweet as can be,
 Nurs'd up in her bosom of snow.

Her lips that with cherries do vie,

To mine I have ardently prefs'd ;

While often I've cry'd, with a sigh,

Sure Shepherd was never so blest'd.

She kiss'd me, 'twas pleasure divine,

As softly her bosom did rise ;

In motions alternate to mine ;

Alternate were each of our sighs.

At parting, a tear trickled down,

As fondly she bade me adieu ;

We part, she cry'd, yet be it known,

My bosom shall heave but for you.

But now, the sad moment is come,

Which fate had wrapt careful in time ;

In which she had seal'd up my doom ;

My Lucy no longer is mine.

The Sex I for ever must hate,

Since Lucy is changeable found ;

Yet let me not rail at my fate,

For constancy few are renown'd.

Hence-

Henceforward I'll ramble alone,

No mortal shall hear me complain;

To silence I'll make my sad moan,

To solitude tell out my pain.

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

As softly her bosom did rise;

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